

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Elm of Chestertown.

BY WALTER L. CHAPIN, JR.

GRIZZLED old farmers and little folks hardly able to walk—these and all the types that go between were on hand to see the Elm of Chestertown cut down to make way for the grand new highway which would bring prosperity to the fast growing city. The tree had been a famous landmark ever since William Mayville Chester crossed the mountains and came to Ohio with a band of pioneers in 1791. These frontiersmen built a settlement which they named Chestertown in honor of their leader, and since that time the old elm had spread its branches over the small Ohio village.

Lately somebody discovered a valuable coal mine near the town, and hundreds, yes, thousands of progressive business men came to Chestertown, bringing with them the arts of progress. And they had found it necessary to cut the old tree down.

Among a group of frisky boys come to watch the spectacle was Charles Benton, a Boy Scout.

"Chuck" had his Scout staff with him and was trying to explain to disinterested companions the method of measuring the height of trees. It was only after some persuasion that Johnny Gilbert and Bob Evans consented to watch him.

"If the tree falls in the middle of the lot

I bet I can tell you within ten feet of where the top branch will land," said Chuck.

"Huh, bet you can't," said contrary-minded Bob.

"You just watch."

Chuck left the crowd watching the woodcutters, and walked quite far back in the lot where the elm would presently fall. Then he got Johnny to hold his staff upright and performed some lying-down actions, did some pacing, and finally stopped at a spot where he made a mark. He announced that the top of the tree was as far from the ground as that spot was from the tree's trunk.

"What good'll it do you to know all this?" asked Johnny.

"Why, I'm able to figure out whether a tree I might want to cut down'll land on a house or something, and you know it isn't only trees that you can measure; you can find out the height of bridges, buildings, and anything you want," Charles explained.

"How's it done?" Bob questioned.

"It's simple. All you've got to do is set up a staff or pole you know the length of and then fix it so's the top is in line with a certain spot on the ground. Then you do some measuring by pacing and some ratio-and-proportion figurin', like we was told at school, and that's all there is to it."

The boys stood looking at the elm from the west, the most weatherbeaten side of the gigantic tree. From that side its beauty was

marred by the absence of several large branches that had been rent from the trunk by a cyclone decades ago. This left a large concave space in its leafy expanse.

Chuck was eager to make further demonstrations of his measuring system, and did so, finding out where the branches bordering the concave space would land. He made marks with his foot in the sandy and sparsely-grassed soil, indicating his measurements.

"You fellows don't think this stuff is going to come out right, do you?" he said. "As soon as those tree cutters slam in the wedge and the tree goes over you'll see how right all my marks are. If you'd only wake up and join our troop over at the church ev'rybody'd think a lot more of you. Why don'tcha want to be Scouts, anyway?"

"Aw—because"—Bob drawled.

"Cause what?"

"Well"—

At this point every one's attention was attracted by the woodcutters, who were now ready to fell the tree. The mayor and other men holding important offices in the city government had arrived to make the scene impressive and pay their respects to Chestertown's landmark. Energetic young men cleared the crowd from a wide space for the tree to fall in.

When all was ready Chuck and his friends were standing along the side of the lot in order to get a good view of the tree when it should fall.

A wedge was inserted in the cut and one of the men began driving it in with a heavy sledge hammer.

The throng became quiet as the last moments arrived for the Elm of Chestertown to view the pretty valley in which it had been a towering landmark for so long.

Just as the wedge caused the mighty tree to incline the slightest bit the sharp eyes of Charles Benton perceived a small child wandering unnoticed in the space where the elm would soon fall.

With a warning shout the boy sprang toward the child. But his cry did not send its meaning to the man pounding the wedge, and the blow was delivered which caused the tree to slowly, ever so slowly, start its fall to earth.

On seeing Charles running toward her and suddenly finding herself the object of frantic screams the child became panic-stricken and started to run in the direction that would lead her under the largest branches of the tottering tree.

"Ruth! Ruth!" was the hysterical cry that pierced the air. Several women fainted. Men stared fixedly at the sight before them, their faces colorless.

As he ran with all his speed after the child Charles became aware of his danger. He reached the little girl in a few seconds, but by that time the tree was fast descending.

By his feet the Scout saw a mark he had made only a few minutes before. Right then he did some quick thinking, and instead of attempting to run out from under the falling tree, he stepped a few feet beyond the mark and, crouching over the child, every muscle tense, he waited through half a second of terrible suspense.

The elm shook the earth as it landed with a deafening crash. At once nearly every one sprang forward to try and find the two they imagined crushed beneath it.

When the tree landed, Charles was showered with bark and rotten branches, but found himself unhurt and started crawling out.

A joyful shout went up when he and Ruth were found safe. Charles immediately found himself the center of a fast growing crowd of men and women, all expressing their gratitude and praise.

"Gee, I was scared!" he exclaimed in his excited boyish voice. "I saw that there wouldn't be time to run to the side of the tree, so I jus' stayed in a place where I was pretty sure we'd be safe, because I'd been measurin' and finding out where the branches around that hole made by the cyclone would land. You see, I saw my marks and stepped over to the middle of the space and wasn't even scratched!"

Scout Benton saw two pair of envious eyes gazing at him. They belonged to Bob and Johnny.

"Well," he said addressing them, "you see what good that measurin' was now. Look at all my marks and you can see I was right. Wanta join the troop?"

"We sure do!" they both assented emphatically.

Knowledge.

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

HE knew all legal codes the world around;
Mankind, amazed, saw learning without flaw;
Then—just as life was closing,—lo! he found
Love was the sole fulfilling of the law.

Master Ho-Hum's Bag o' Tricks.

BY H. IRVING HANCOCK.

"YOU'RE sleepy, Robbie," said his mother.

"No, I'm not," protested the little fellow. "Please let me stay up a little longer."

"Not more than a few minutes, then," insisted his mother. "When I come back you must be ready to go upstairs."

As she left him, Robbie leaned over the porch railing, a fair little picture of tiny manhood, there under the clustering, flowering vines. Discontentedly he gazed through the summer night at the lights over on the distant grounds where older children were having lots of fun on the merry-go-round.

It tired the little fellow's eyes to look too long. With a sigh he sank back into a big porch rocker and let his eyelids fall. When he raised them again he felt like jumping. No! There couldn't be any mistake about it. It was no trick of the imagination.

Sitting on the railing, right in front of the boy, legs dangling saucily, was the queerest-looking little fellow Robbie had ever seen.

Not more than a foot and a half high was the stranger—a boy just as Robbie was, judging by his face, though perhaps a little older despite his very small size. This stranger, who seemed provokingly wide awake and merry, was dressed in the strangest sort of clothes. Over his legs were tights that ended in queer little pointed shoes. The stranger's bright red jacket was covered with pictures of drowsy eyes and wide-open mouths. Rakishly perched on one side of his head was a pointed cap, under which coarse, carrotty hair cropped out. In that first astonished look all Robbie could think of was the clowns he had seen at the circus.

"Hello, crosspatch!" said the tiny stranger, cheerily.

"Who are you?" demanded Robbie, staring hard.

"Ho-hum!"

The stranger's mouth opened so wide that it seemed almost to blot out his comical, homely face. He yawned so fearfully that the boy in the porch chair felt his own mouth stretching wide open.

"Quit that!" cried Robbie, angrily.

"You'll get me going with the gapes."

"That's my business," declared the small stranger.

"Mine, too," retorted Robbie, indignantly.

"Oh, is it?" asked the other, pertly.

"Scuse, me. I didn't know."

Again his face nearly went out of sight behind one of those tremendous yawns. Robbie angrily tried to rise, half-minded to chase the stranger off the grounds, but found to his astonishment that he could not get out of the chair. The small fellow stopped yawning to laugh.

"Crosspatch!" he chuckled. "What makes you so ugly?"

"What makes you yawn so much?" cried Robbie, in a temper.

"Lo, these many years have I yawned," declared the stranger, in a drowsy voice. "In fact, ever since the Sand Man adopted me."

"Sand Man?" echoed Robbie.

"Of course. Didn't you ever hear of him?" demanded the small stranger in the clown's suit. "He's the little old man that goes around throwing sand in people's eyes and making 'em sleepy when it's really time for 'em to go to bed. I'm his adopted son. Ho-hum is my name. I don't often let boys and girls see me, but I yawn in front of 'em, just the same, and off they go, gaping so they can't stop."

"I think you're a mean fellow," snorted Robbie. "It's a low business to be in."

"Why?" asked Ho-hum, cheerfully. "Children ought to have more sleep. They need a lot of it. Yet they always fool their mothers as long as they can. It needs some one just like me to see that children go to bed, and that's why the Sand Man says I'm worth my weight in gold."

"You don't weigh a whole lot," guessed Robbie, not very politely.

"Oh, I don't mind crosspatches. I'm used to 'em," chuckled Ho-hum, good-naturedly. "Nearly all kids are cross by the time I get around."

"I'm not a kid," protested Robbie, loftily. "I'm seven years old."

Ho-hum laughed again.

"Anyway, there's one thing," Robbie went on quickly, "you can't yawn very long before you have to go to sleep yourself. I know!"

Ho-hum fairly sniggered. "Oh, I don't have to yawn all the time. I've my bag o' tricks. Look here!"

Robbie had already noticed the strap that crossed Ho-hum's jacket. Now that odd elf drew a scarlet cloth bag forward, yanking out of it a laughable model of a mouth on hinges.

"Watch me," said Ho-hum, springing nimbly up on the railing. He turned his back, holding the ridiculous mouth behind him. With both hands he worked that mouth, making the jaws open and shut in a tantalizing way. Robbie kicked and squirmed, frantic with rage for the moment; but the yawns that came over him were so terrific that they nearly threw his own jaws out of joint.

Just in the nick o' time Ho-hum dropped that hideous jaw back into the bag. In its place he snatched out something else and wheeled about, facing Robbie as he held up a shining, open eye, so bright that it might have been made out of a thousand little diamonds. Its effect was like magic. In an instant the boy was wide awake.

"Thank you," said Robbie, meekly. "But if it's your business to make children yawn, why do you carry that bright eye?"

"Oh, I give 'em just a peek at it, so they won't pull mother's arm off going upstairs."

"What other tricks have you?" questioned Robbie, immensely interested.

"Well, the horn-o'-glue, for instance," replied Ho-hum, dropping the bright eye back into the bag and hauling out a cornucopia. He took a pinch of powder from it, throwing it into the boy's eyes. Robbie fell back, digging at his eyelids to keep them from sticking hard and tight. Chuckling, Ho-hum leaped down into the grass, wet his fingers with dew and returned to wash Robbie's eyes, after which he held up the restoring bright eye once more.

"That's for the hardest cases, you know," explained Ho-hum.

"Have you any more?" asked Robbie, wild with curiosity, now that he was wide awake once more.

"Oh, dozens and dozens of 'em," nodded Ho-hum. "But I'm not going to show you all the tricks o' the trade, young man. You may see the nightmare, though."

Out came a tiny object, shaped at first like a horse's head. In Ho-hum's hands the thing grew to an unknown, frightful monster that shut the elf himself out from sight. Its flaming eyes made the little fellow shiver. Its great mouth opened to devour him. Robbie let out a yell of healthy terror, but Ho-hum laughed, snapped the nightmare up into a small ball and dropped it back into his bag.

"Then there's the kitchee-kitchee, that makes sleepy youngsters laugh when they're tickled and really want to fuss," went on Ho-hum. "Also the dust-ball that makes children so thirsty they go into the house for a drink of water and get sent to bed."

"That's a downright mean one!" snapped Robbie.

"And—but say! How'd you like to go 'round with me to-night and see me use my bag o' tricks on other folks?"

"May I?" cried Robbie, his eyes shining. Oh, what a lark! To escape going to sleep himself, and to wander about seeing other unwilling youngsters forced on to the Land o' Nod!

"Come along!" ordered Ho-hum. He bounded through the air, then stood beside the boy, his feet resting on nothing but air. "Don't be afraid, young man, when you find yourself going up."

Ho-hum's left hand rested lightly under Robbie's right armpit, and together they

soared upward, the porch moving to let them pass. Robbie didn't even think to be afraid, it was such fun to fly like this! Yet one uneasy thought came to him.

"Mamma will be awfully scared when she finds I'm gone," he said, soberly.

"Fine! I'm glad you thought of that," answered Ho-hum, heartily. "I'll send her a wireless yawn, and she'll doze until you get back."

Oh, dear! Even such a wonderful being as Ho-hum could forget, once in a while, to use his thinker! In order to pull that wireless yawn out of his bag o' tricks the elf took his hand away from under Robbie's shoulder.

Down and down plunged Robbie. He let out a fearful yell as he dropped through the porch roof once more, and fell on his knees right in front of the chair. In the same instant the screen door slammed. As Robbie tried to rise, his mother's voice sounded.

"So you weren't sleepy, Robbie, you silly boy!" she cried. "I left you barely five minutes ago, and now you're so drowsy you can't keep in the chair!"

In the chair? Asleep? Huh! If only he could tell what had happened!

But Ho-hum, hidden and probably grinning, was using both the gaping mouth and the horn-o'-glue on our little friend. Robbie stumbled up the stairs to bed.

Tampa San.

BY BEULAH KING.

TOM looked at the puppy and the puppy looked at Tom, as they sat on the pier at Derry. Tom whistled and the puppy wagged his stubby tail. "Hulloa, old fellow," Tom whispered into the puppy's lopped ear. "Whose dog are you?" He felt among the short fat curls of hair on the dog's neck, but there was only a strip of leather curled and ragged. "Uh!" said Tom, "no one's, I guess. Have you lost your master?" The dog whined, and squeezed his fat little body against Tom.

Mr. Gott, the wharfinger, sauntered by. "Hulloa," he said. "Hulloa. What are you doing down here?"

Tom reddened.

"Is this your dog, Mr. Gott?"

"My dog? Well, I should say no." He removed his big pipe from his mouth and pointed the end at the puppy. "That dog, sir, was owned by Mr. Frank Phipps, who sailed for France some months ago."

"Oh," said Tom.

"He left him in the next town with a friend of his," Mr. Gott went on, placing the big pipe between his teeth, "and he wouldn't stay with him. Seems to hanker for this place. S'pose he remembers 'twas the last place he saw his master 'fore he sailed. Nice dog! Sleeps on some bales of cotton in the storehouse. But what are you doing down here, young man?"

Tom squirmed. "I—I saw the dog," he faltered, "and so I came down."

"I see," ejaculated Mr. Gott, "you saw the dog, and so you came down. Well, now, I don't blame you, no, not a bit."

It was half-past six and quite dark when Tom got home. His mother met him at the door. "My dear child, where have you been?"

"Down on the pier," Tom said faintly.

His mother raised her hands in horror. "Why, Tom, I don't allow you to go down there," she said in the voice that always made Tom feel ashamed. He ate his supper in silence, Tampa San beside him staring straight ahead with his round glass eyes.

"Tampa San," he whispered when the last piece of cake had gone, "I saw a dog to-day that looked like you—a real live dog! Just like you!" Tampa San continued to stare, and Tom threw both arms about him and hugged him tight. The hug brought a very mechanical squeak from Tampa San's sawdust stomach. "I liked him, too, but not so well as you. You see, I've always had you. I guess, Tampa San," he finished, "I liked him because he looked like you."

They went upstairs together, the curly headed boy and the brown plush dog which had kept guard at his pillow through the long dark nights of six years; for Tom was just a baby when Tampa San became his best friend. "If only you could run, Tampa San," Tom was wont to say, "and follow me to school! But then—you are always here waiting for me, with your funny lopped ear and your bright eyes." In the dark Tampa San seemed to smile.

It was two days later that the teacher of the second grade asked her pupils to remain a few minutes after school. They sat with hands clasped and brains much puzzled, waiting. What had they done? But when Miss Wiles came into the room she was smiling. "Children," she began immediately, "we are packing a box for the little French orphans." Their hands unclasped and their puzzled brains were cleared. "You know about them." There was a stir of interest and a bobbing of heads. "A box of toys," she went on. "Now I know that most of you have some toy that you could spare—not a broken toy," she added quickly, "a nice toy that you love yourself." There was another bobbing of heads. "That's it. Bring it to-morrow morning and put it on the table here, and we will pack things at recess. Don't forget!"

"No, Miss Wiles," came from thirty small throats.

"Very well. You may pass out."

All the way home Tom repeated, "Some nice toy that you love yourself." He had engines, but they were broken. He had blocks, but some were lost. He had carts

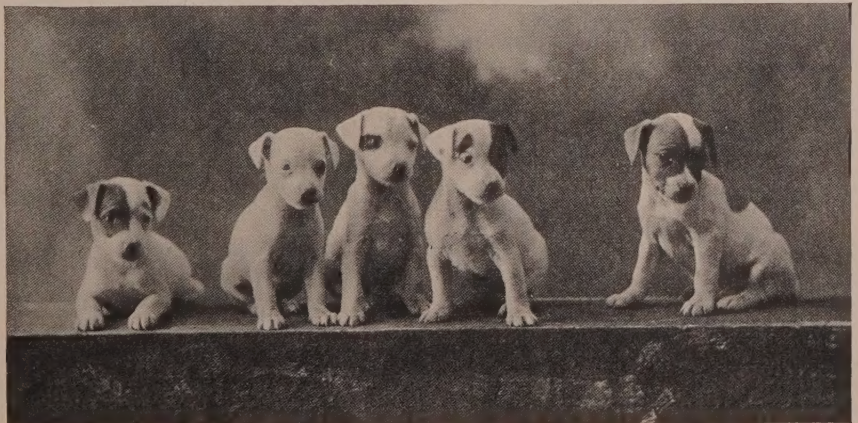
without wheels and horses without carts. He had games, but they were worn and soiled, and so were the picture books. He had a Noah's ark but the roof was broken. He had—he had—*Tampa San!* He was not broken—and he loved him! A little sob came into his throat, but he laughed at the sight of Tampa San's face in the window.

That night, with Tampa San at his side, he looked through his toy box. Just as he had thought. There was no "nice" toy there, and he did not "love one of them." Quite suddenly and with a little sob he caught Tampa San and hugged him tight, tighter than he had ever hugged him before. When he put him down, there were two tears on Tampa San's plush cheeks.

Tom wanted to tell his mother, certainly she could fix things right and get those tiresome words out of his head; but he did not. Somehow it seemed a cowardly thing to do—and after all the words were the words, just the same.

"Tampa San," he said suddenly, "would you like to travel?" Tampa San stared. In the gathering dusk he seemed to smile. "Would you, Tampa San?" Tom put his plump little hand on Tampa San's stomach and made him squeak. That squeak in Tampa San's and Tom's language had always meant yes. "That's it, old fellow," Tom said with a sniff. "Course you would. So would I, if I had a chance!" He laughed. "But you've got the chance, Tampa San. You're going to France. Won't that be great?" Again Tampa San squeaked his approval. "I thought you'd like to, Tampa San," he said with the tiniest catch in his voice. "Well, let's go to bed and dream of it."

His mother had a party that night, and Tom was alone. "France is a great country, Tampa San," he whispered as he put out the light, "and there's lots going on over there." He jumped into bed and placed Tampa San by the pillow. The moon shone bright through the window, and silhouetted against the yellow ball was Tampa San's round head and lopped ears. Tom noticed it and repeated in a loud whisper: "It's a great country, Tampa San. I wish I was you! You'll like it—fine! And the little boy that gets you!" He stopped and decided not to talk of him just then. "There's farms there, Tampa San, and a white marble city, the geography says. I think you'll probably go to that city to live." He closed his eyes and



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24, THE MARLBOROUGH,
MILTON STREET,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am sending some enigmas and I hope that you may think them suitable for *The Beacon*, in which I am much interested.

I belong to an adult class of the Sunday school of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal. Our teacher is Mrs. H. W. Weller, but she has been away from us a long time, nursing in a hospital at Cannes, France, and the class is now taught by Miss Henderson, our director of religious education.

My cousin, Prof. N. N. Evans, has lately become superintendent of the Sunday school in place of Mr. M. E. Williams.

Not very long ago we had a new minister, the Rev. D. H. Ferrell, as the Rev. F. R. Griffin left us to go to Philadelphia.

Yours sincerely,
ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

KEENE, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of your Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here. Our minister is Mr. Mitchell and my teacher is Mrs. Smith. I am

ten years old and in the fifth grade at school. I have a little brother that goes to Sunday school and another little brother that does not go this year. I have a little dog whose name is "Toodles." I also have a cat whose name is "Beauty."

Sincerely yours,
MADELYN SLADE.

311 SAFFORD STREET,
WOLLASTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old and belong to the Unitarian church.

I like *The Beacon* very much. I like to make the puzzles on the back of it. I also read the stories in it.

Our superintendent is Mrs. Gurney, and my Sunday school teacher, Miss Thompson.

I would like to belong to the Beacon Club very much.

Sincerely yours,
MIRIAM CARV.

40 KATHERINE ROAD,
WATERTOWN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and have made a book out of some of them.

I would like very much to become a member of your club and wear the button.

Yours truly,
LORRAINE RICHNER.

whispered wonderful descriptions of the marble city into the lopped ears of the plush dog. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and then at last there was silence in the nursery.

When Tom opened his eyes it was dark, very dark. The moon had gone behind a black cloud. He felt for Tampa San among the pillows and caught him in his arms. Suddenly he realized that Tampa San was going away from him forever, and he cried quietly into the plush dog's soft neck. And so they finally slept with tears on their cheeks, the curly headed boy and the plush dog, and it was hard to tell whose tears they were.

The next day Tampa San sat on the table beside Miss Wiles, amid engines, books, dolls, elephants, horses, and carts. Tom smiled at him often, and Tampa San seemed to smile, too. At recess the janitor brought in the big wooden box,—and the children gathered round. "You have done well, my dears," Miss Wiles said. "I am sure the little French children will be most happy to have such toys."

Tampa San was the last to go in. Tom rolled him in paper and tucked him in among the excelsior. "You want to go, don't you, Tampa San," he whispered, "to that fine city I told you about?" Tampa San squeaked as he was pushed into place. "I thought so," whispered Tom.

That night, going home, Tom did not look up at the window where Tampa San was wont to wait for him. He never meant to look up at that window again, never, if he could help it. But the second night, almost before he knew what he was doing, he had glanced up to the white curtains. He had missed Tampa San all day. He had even missed him at school, that is, when he thought of the empty window seat at home, and he couldn't seem to help thinking of

it; so when he reached the top of the hill, before he thought, he had looked up at the window.

At first he stopped short. Then he rubbed his eyes and shaded them from the setting sun and looked again, long and earnestly. Then he went a few steps nearer and looked again, and blinked. Between the white curtains of the window appeared a brown head topped with two lopped ears.

"Tampa San!" he cried, still staring in amazement. Presently the curtains moved and swept aside and a whole dog appeared in the window, his stub tail wagging vigorously.

Tom ran to the house. When he reached the door he heard a bark, a quick, eager bark, and then a whine. "Mother!" Tom called, bursting into the hall. Something jumped to his feet and licked his cheek.

In the living room his mother stood laughing, with tears in her eyes. "He is yours, Tom, to take the place of Tampa San," she said.

Tom looked at his new friend. It was the puppy from the pier. "His best friend has gone to France, like yours," his mother explained.

Tom flung himself upon the rug beside the dog and buried his face in the thick curls. "You've lost your best friend and I've lost mine," he whispered into the puppy's lopped ear, "so we'll be best friends to each other."

Down the happy future runs a flood

Of prophesying light;

It shows an earth no longer stained with blood

Blossom and fruit where now we see the bud
Of Brotherhood and Right.

LOWELL.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 5, 10, 2, is something to hold flowers.
My 4, 5, 6, 8, is something some boats have.
My 3, 9, 5, 7, is something true.
My whole is a place where some noted men are to gather.

CHRISTINE ALLISON.

ENIGMA XLIV.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 3, 5, 6, is an instrument used in the band.
My 14, 13, 12, 11, is what careless boys do.
My 4, 10, 9, is a loud noise.
My 7, 1, 8, is what ladies wear on their necks.
My 7, 2, 4, comes in the spring.
My whole is the name of a well-known publication.

E. B. HUBBARD.

TWISTED NAMES OF SHAKESPERIAN PLAYS.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Nioluaroocs. | 6. Theftinlgwht. |
| 2. Sulluj Resaca. | 7. Likerang. |
| 3. Thernal. | 8. Letoohl. |
| 4. Bathmec. | 9. Petmetseth. |
| 5. Tiasilokuy. | 10. Goinhnkj. |

WILLIAM AND DONALD SNOW.

THREE CHARADES.

I.
My first is three-quarters of half.
My second's three-quarters of half.
My last is—but you have guessed!
My whole is a grass of the West.

II.
My first has to do with a dog.
My second is two-thirds of ten.
My last has to do with a fork.
My whole is a ship that "has be'n."

III.
No gentleman ever my first should tell.
And only a donkey my second will do.
My last is poor Mary, bereft of her Ma.
My whole should contain a few books, old or new.

Browning's Magazine.

ANIMAL SQUARES.

1. An animal, mountains in Russia, a market, the part sung by the lowest female voice.
2. An animal, a gem, a narrow road, to run away from.
3. An animal, a plant with thick, fleshy leaves, to reverberate, to relate.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 20.

ENIGMA XXXIX.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ENIGMA XL.—United States of America.
A GUESSING "Tea."—Security, eternity, liberty, hilarity, popularity, charity, antiquity, ingenuity.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Ellis T. Williams, Philadelphia, Pa., and Alice B. Kyle, Yarmouthville, Me.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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